

F N Z



Chronicles of the Grouch Family

3. This is her father—a cranky chap—
Who for love's young dream didn't care a rap.

Too bad! Let us hope things
will mend soon.

MINING AND OIL NEWS.

SIERRA MADRE MINES
MAKE SHOWING OF ORE

Michael Hennessey Sinking Two Shafts
in Escondido Mountains Which
Are Producing Precious
Metals.

Michael Hennessey, superintendent of the Sierra Madre mines in the Escondido mountains, who is in the city, states the shaft in his property is in ore of silver, gold and lead, running 45 percent lead, 15 ounces silver and 45 in gold. The lead is principally galena mixed with carbonates.

On the surface the vein shows a width of 30 feet, which will be crossed from wall to wall when the shaft reaches a depth of 50 feet. The outcrop and the workings show that this large vein is continuous in length and depth.

Sinks Second Shaft.

Mr. Hennessey is sinking a shaft north of the first shaft and at a depth of 75 feet, carrying ore from the surface down, he has struck a vein on the footwall about 20 inches wide of rich gold-silver quartz, which shows a change from the span gangue at the surface to quartz at depth.

On the King Edward claim he has encountered about three feet of silver-gold and lead ore. As soon as the raise is completed to the surface, he will start timbering for the main shaft.

Captain Durack, general manager, is at present at the property looking after the transportation of the boilers and pumps from Summit station to the mine, about three miles. Mr. Hennessey states they have 20 miners at work and will double the force as soon as the hoisting plant is installed.

BONNEY COMPANY MAKES
STRIKE AT LORDSBURG

In Drifting from Third Level, Ore Assaying Gold, Silver and Copper Is Located; Machinery Installed.
Lordsburg, N. M., May 6.—An important strike of ore has been made in the

deepest working of the Bonney mine, below water level. In drifting from the third level, ore of very good grade was encountered, and general manager O. Ryback, put on an extra shift of men. The ore body is increasing in width and the values are becoming greater, the face of the drift at present showing a width of seven feet of ore with no walls touched and assays of samples gave gold .12 ounces per ton; silver 5.18 ounces per ton, and 10.65 percent of copper.

One of the pay streaks, with a width of 19 inches, assayed: Gold, .24 ounces per ton; silver, 19.4 ounces per ton, and 8.33 percent copper. The ore consists principally of chalcopryite, pyrite and chalcocite, with quartz gangue—very desirable in character, for smelting.

The Bonney mine is well equipped with new machinery, including an up to date steam hoist and pump, and it is Mr. Ryback's intention to go east soon to confer with his associates and the directors of the company, and advise sinking the shaft to greater depth.

RUNNING SURVEYS FROM
RESERVOIR TO SAFFORD

Deputy Sheriff Transferred From Solomonsville to Morenci; Farmers Cutting Hay; Boys Will Give Dance.

Solomonsville, Ariz., May 6.—Sidney Maschitz, of Safford, has been commissioned to survey from the dam of the lower reservoir to Safford.

Holland Bass, deputy sheriff and jailor, has been transferred to Morenci.

W. C. McFarland has returned from Globe, Ariz., where he attended court. Walter Tidwell and J. Adkins have issued invitations for a dance at the court house on Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. McBride have gone to their home at Franklin.

Miss Mary Ross, who has been living with Mrs. L. C. Epley, has returned to her father's ranch.

The family of Orsen Nelson expect to go to the sawmill in the Graham mountains to be with Mr. Nelson and also to

escape the warm weather in the valley. Hay cutting is on in full force.

The Solomon Commercial company is using a large adobe building as additional hay storage space.

AMERICAN FILES ON 26
CLAIMS IN GOLD DISTRICT

Torreon, Mex., May 6.—L. T. Dewey, an American mining man, connected with the Inde Gold Mining company, of Inde, Durango, has made application for titles to 26 mining claims in the Inde district. The property adjoins the Venegancia mine, owned by Adolfo Terrazas and associates. It is located in a rich gold district and mining continues active. The mills which are located there are nearly all running and a large tonnage of ore is being treated daily.

STOCK SUBSCRIBED FOR
SMELTER IN DURANGO

Torreon, Mex., May 6.—A company has been formed here to build a smelter in the southern part of the state of Durango. The stock has nearly all been subscribed, it is said, and construction work will shortly be commenced on the buildings and the installation of the smelter. Development work on the properties owned by the company will also be undertaken.

JUAREZ WILL HAVE DRINKING
FOUNTAIN FOR DUMB ANIMALS.

National Humane Society Will Install Receptacle—Mayor Portillo Replies to Offer of Donors.
Juarez is to have the Humane society drinking fountain for dogs and horses. In a communication from mayor Francisco Portillo, of Ciudad Juarez, E. E. Neff, who has been acting on behalf of the National Humane society, and Mrs. Minnie Madden Flske, its moving spirit, the mayor and council of Juarez accept the offer of the American society to establish one of the drinking fountains like the one now in use in Toltec triangle.

The acceptance was in the form of a most gracious letter written by the mayor on behalf of the council. This letter and the translation has been forwarded to Mrs. Flske in New York and as the only thing necessary to obtain such a fountain being the provision of a suitable site and an adequate water supply, it is probable that the fountain will be shipped to the municipality of Juarez at once.

Mayor Portillo's letter, written to Mr. Neff, accepting the offer of the society, reads in translation:

"The honorable council of this city has taken account of your letter of the 26th in which you offer a fountain to this city in the name of Mr. Flske and Mrs. Flske, of the National Humane society, under the conditions which you mention, and the above honorable body in session ordered same accepted as well as the stipulated conditions giving due thanks for the gift. I am giving this in due answer to your letter, assuring you of my attentive consideration."

(Signed), Francisco Portillo, Ciudad Juarez, Mex."

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By Charles Klein
and
Arthur Hornblow

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A Narrative Of Metropolitan Life
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Illustrations
By
Ray Walters

(Continued from Yesterday).

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Howard Jeffries, banker's son, under the evil influence of Robert Underwood, fellow-student at Yale, leads a life of dissipation, marries the daughter of a gambler who died in prison, and is disowned by his father. Forced to leave college, he tried to get work and fails. His wife, Annie, is straight as a die, and has a heart of gold. A former college chum makes a business proposition to Howard which requires \$2,000 cash, and Howard is broke. Robert Underwood, who made love to Annie in his college days and was repulsed, and was once engaged to Howard's stepmother, Alicia, is a welcome visitor at the Jeffries home. Underwood has apartments in the Asitria, an exclusive apartment house. Howard recalls a \$250 loan to Underwood that remains unpaid and decides to ask him for the \$2,000 he needs. Mrs. Jeffries, Sr., prepares for a great reception at her home. Mrs. Jeffries foolishly encourages a dangerous intimacy with Underwood which the latter takes advantage of until he becomes a sort of social highwayman. Discovering his true character, Mrs. Jeffries denies him the house, but receives a note from Underwood threatening suicide unless she revokes her sentence of banishment. She decides to go and see him. Underwood is in desperate financial straits. Merchants for whom he has acted as commissioner in the sale of art treasures demand an accounting. Underwood cannot make good. Howard Jeffries calls at Underwood's apartments in a complicated condition to borrow money. He asks Underwood for \$2,000 and is told the latter is in debt up to his eyes. Howard drinks himself into maudlin condition.

Underwood rose to his feet and abruptly turned his back.

"I'd rather you wouldn't get personal," he said curtly. Sitting down at a desk, he began to rummage with some papers and, turning impatiently to Howard, he said:

"Say, old man, I'm very busy now. You'll have to excuse me."

If Howard had been sober, he would have understood that this was a pretty strong hint for him to be gone, but in his besotted condition, he did not propose to be disposed of so easily. Turning to Underwood, he burst out with an air of offended dignity:

"Underwood, you wouldn't go back on me now. I'm an outcast, a pariah, a derelict on the ocean of life, as one of my highly respectable uncles would me. His grandfather was an iron puffer. With a drunken laugh he went on: 'Doesn't it make you sick? I'm no good because I married the girl. If I had ruined her life I'd still be a decent member of society.'"

He helped himself to another drink, his hand shaking so that he could hardly hold the decanter. He was fast approaching the state of complete intoxication. Underwood made no attempt to interfere. Why should he care if the young fool made a sot of himself? The sooner he drank himself insensible the quicker he would get rid of him.

"No, Howard," he said; "you'd never make a decent member of society."

"Praps not," hiccupped Howard.

"How does Annie take her social ostracism?" inquired Underwood.

"Like a brick. She's a thoroughbred, all right. She's all to the good."

"All the same, I'm sorry I ever introduced you to her," replied Underwood. "I never thought you'd make such a fool of yourself as to marry--"

Howard shook his head in a maudlin manner, as he replied:

"I don't know whether I made a fool of myself or not, but she's all right. She's got in her the makings of a great woman—very crude, but still the makings. The only thing I object to is, she insists on going back to work, just as if I'd permit such a thing. Do you know what I said on our wedding day? 'Mrs. Howard Jeffries, you are entering one of the oldest families in America. Nature has fitted you for social leadership. You'll be a petted, pampered member of that select few called the "400," and now, damn it all, how can I ask her to go back to work? But if you'll let me have that \$2,000--"

By this time Howard was beginning to get drowsy. Lying back on the sofa, he proceeded to make himself comfortable.

"Two thousand dollars!" laughed Underwood. "Why, man, I'm in debt up to my eyes."

As far as his condition enabled him, Howard gave a start of surprise.

"Hard up!" he exclaimed. Pointing around the room, he said: "What's all this—a bluff?"

Underwood nodded.

"A bluff, that's it. Not a picture, not a vase, not a stick belongs to me. You'll have to go to your father."

"Never," said Howard despondently. The suggestion was evidently too much for him, because he stretched out his hand for his whiskey glass. "Father's done with me," he said dolefully.

"He'll relent," suggested Underwood.

Howard shook his head drowsily. Touching his brow, he said:

"Too much brains, too much up here." Placing his hand on his heart, he went on: "Too little down here. Once he gets an idea, he never lets it go, he holds on. Obstinate. One idea—stick to it. Gee, but I've made a mess of things, haven't I?"

Underwood looked at him with contempt.

"You've made a mess of your life," he said bitterly, "yet you've had some measure of happiness. You, at least,

married the woman you love. Drunk on beast as you are, I envy you. The woman I wanted—married some one else, damn her!"

Howard was so drowsy from the effects of the whiskey that he was almost asleep. As he lay back on the sofa, he gurgled:

"Say, old man, I didn't come here to listen to hard-luck stories. I came to tell one."

In maudlin fashion he began to sing. "Oh, listen to my tale of woe," while Underwood sat glaring at him, wondering how he could put him out.

As he reached the last verse his head began to nod. The words came thickly from his lips and he sank sleepily back among the soft divan pillows.

Just at that moment the telephone bell rang. Underwood quickly picked up the receiver.

"Who's that?" he asked. As he heard the answer his face lit up and he replied eagerly: "Mrs. Jeffries—

yes. I'll come down. No, tell her to come up."

Hanging up the receiver, he hastily went over to the divan and shook Howard.

"Howard, wake up! Confound you! You've got to get out—there's some body coming."

He shook him roughly, but his old classmate made no attempt to move.

"Quick, do you hear!" exclaimed Underwood impatiently. "Wake up—some one's coming."

Howard sleepily half opened his eyes. He had forgotten entirely where he was and believed he was on the train, for he answered:

"Sure, I'm sleepy. Say—porter, make up my bed."

His patience exhausted, Underwood was about to pull him from the sofa by force, when there was a ring at the front door.

Bending quickly over his companion, Underwood saw that he was fast asleep. There was no time to awaken him and get him out of the way, so, quickly, he took a big screen and arranged it around the divan so that Howard could not be seen. Then he hurried to the front door and opened it.

Alicia entered.

CHAPTER VII.

For a few moments Underwood was too much overcome by emotion to speak. Alicia brushed by in haughty silence, not deigning to look at him. All he heard was the soft rustle of her clinging silk gown as it swept along the floor. She was incensed with him, of course, but she had come. That was all he asked. She would talk to her and explain everything and she would understand. She would help him in this crisis as she had in the past. Their long friendship, all these years of intimacy, could not end like this. There was still hope for him. The situation was not as desperate as he feared. He might yet avert the shameful end of the suicide. Advancing toward her, he said in a hoarse whisper:

"Oh, this is good of you, you've come—this is the answer to my letter."

Alicia ignored his extended hand and took a seat. Then, turning on him, she exclaimed indignantly:

"The answer should be a horse-whip. How dare you send me such a message?" Drawing from her bag the letter received from him that evening, she demanded:

"What do you expect to gain by this threat?"

"Don't be angry, Alicia."

Underwood spoke soothingly, trying to conciliate her. Well he knew the seductive power of his voice. Often he had used it and not in vain, but to-night it fell on cold, indifferent ears.

"Don't call me by that name," she snapped.

Underwood made no answer. He turned slightly paler and, folding his arms, just looked at her, in silence. There was an awkward pause.

At last she said:

"I hope you understand that everything's over between us. Our acquaintance is at an end."

"My feelings toward you can never change," replied Underwood earnestly.

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friendship as you are of common honesty." Coldly she added: "I hope you quite understand that henceforth my house is closed to you. If we happen to meet in public, it must be as strangers."

Underwood did not speak. Words seemed to fail him. His face was set and white. A nervous twitching about the mouth showed the terrible mental strain which the man was under. In the excitement he had forgotten about Howard's presence on the divan behind the screen. A listener might have detected the heavy breathing of the sleeper, but even Alicia herself was too preoccupied to notice it. Underwood extended his arms pleadingly:

"Alicia—for the sake of old lang syne!"

"Auld lang syne," she retorted. "I want to forget the past. The old memories are distasteful. My only object in coming here to-night was to make the situation plain to you and to ask you to promise me not to carry out your threat to kill yourself. Why should you kill yourself? Only cowards do that. Because you are in trouble? That is the coward's way out. Leave New York. Go where you are not known. You are still young. Begin life over again, somewhere else." Advancing toward him, she went on: "If you will do this I will help you. I never want to see you again, but I'll



What Was the Good of Regret?

try not to think of you unkindly. But you must promise me solemnly not to make any attempt against your life."

"I promise nothing," muttered Underwood doggedly.

"But you must," she insisted. "It would be a terrible crime, not only against yourself, but against others. You must give me your word."

Underwood shook his head. "I promise nothing."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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